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THE ATHLETIC FESTIVAL.

A fine Saturday is so much the red-letter day of the week that to squander the afternoon is to throw a shade of regret over the Sunday's quietude. And fine Saturday afternoons in Manchester are too rare to be rashly squandered. One expects a large recompense of interest or excitement for the sacrifice of the pleasant, if constrained, pacing up and down the promenade at the Botanical Gardens, where one's humanity is soothed by the flowers, the music, and the cool or bright toilets, and one's faculties refreshed by the sprightly, if evanescent, small talk of the more enjoyable sex. A larger reward still ought to follow the sacrifice of an afternoon of cricket, or croquet, or sedater bowls; of a quick walk or easy saunter through the Bowdon meadows, the Prestwich lanes, or along the Northenden river banks; or of a steady paddle with a scratch crew to Barton, or a set racing-like pull over the reaches of the river at Agecroft.

To surrender oneself and one's single afternoon to the Athletic Festival, to the discomfort of wooden benches and the absence of all the pleasures of motion, which are the soul of a promenade or of croquet, is on a fine day sacrifice, on a cold one penance. There needs for enjoyment a quick succession of exciting races, with good fields, varied by no less exciting leaping. Indeed, to see a clever knot of leapers gradually overtopping each other, inch by inch, until the interest culminates in the struggles of the two last in; to feel one's heart go with every spring and every effort made to clear the stick, accumulates excitement to an unrivalled intensity. There needs counting of the marks each favourite or rival for the championship successively scores by his victories, or loses by his losses. Club should be pitted keenly against club; the favourites should be as notorious, and their merits or form as eagerly canvassed, as those of favourites for the Derby, or the Senior Wranglership.

Last Saturday there was no fillip of this sort to excitement. The fields for the races were small and contemptible, and the jumping, the pole leaping, the hammer throwing, and the shot putting were all starved to death, being reduced to matches between mediocrities when they were not foregone conclusions which had choked off competitors. If we except Clegg, of Sheffield, who had the grand stride of the high-class runner, and ran away with all the races, and Duckworth, who cut him down in the hundred yards, the performances and performers were almost beneath criticism. That is, speaking of the only section of the programme which has any real interest for the outside and ordinary spectator. There is nothing to excite him in the gymnastic contests, and he sees in the fencing and singlestick playing merely a display of an unintelligible science. He sees two figures in cumbrous masks belabouring each other with sticks, or prodding each other with one-pronged toasting-forks, and which is winning or losing the judges only know. The backbone of all athletic meetings is the racing, and when the sprinter almost walks in at the finish of a quarter of a mile, and coolly jumps over the railing of the enclosure, and when but one competitor in the longer races starts to pursue his own nose round the course for two miles, and does not even run against time, but stops to smoke a cigar, or eat his lunch if he likes, there must be a very grave defect somewhere.

It was said that the Liverpool Festival, by clashing with that of Manchester, had cut its throat. That cannot be altogether true. There were lounging about the ground, on Saturday, dozens who might have doubled the interest by coming to the scratch. The fact is, the mania for medals is killing athletics. All the country villages make an annual holiday of their games, and, to attract a crowd of sight-seers, they offer a profusion of cups and gold medals, the latter of which are as common as blackberries. To these villages the young athletes slink down in hopes of an easy victory, but often to meet rivals similarly-minded. Thus their intentions frustrate themselves, and produce brilliant finishes and keen contests. They shirk equally the glories of a narrow victory or of a narrow defeat in the great home meeting, and laugh at what they consider the miserable reward of a paltry silver medal. The fine generation of Bailey, Maclaren, Snow, Smalley, Marmon, Halliday, and Gilton is dying into manhood or matrimony, and is being succeeded by a cowardly generation that rivals their trophies without rivalling their feats.

Never since the first introduction of the Athletic Festivals have the arrangements been more perfect or more perfectly carried out. But each year bequeaths a more enormous labour to the next. The programme has grown to a most unwieldy size. Why should an Athletic Festival be turned into a fête at all? Why should there be grand stands and ambition, carriages and culture, toilettes and the police? So long as the committee attempt to make their meeting into a small Derby or Ascot Cup gathering, so long must they defeat their own object—the promotion of physical culture, or some bombastic conundrum of the sort. The Manchester Festival ought to be the field-day of the Manchester Clubs, and a small fraction of each member's subscription ought to go to a general festival fund, out of which the expenses of prizes ought to come. The Festival would then be independent of the weather, and never at the mercy of popular caprice. At the Universities, where the athletic excitement is very high, men run, not for medals, but to be first. Each college has its own sports, and thus there are always numerous tried competitors for the crowning honours of the public sports which close the season. Further, to add fuel to the fire of excitement, the winners have to represent their own university against its great rival. In London, the great clubs were content until lately to hold world-famous races, not fêtes, in running grounds, compared to which those at Newton Heath are picturesque aud rural. But in Manchester only one club (except lately a cricket club or two) has any private sports of its own, and this is held after the Festival. If the object of the Festival be to have trials of skill and strength, it can be much more comfortably and efficiently carried out on a smaller and safer scale on a proper ground. The gymnastics, Indian club, and dumb-bell competitions, the fencing, singlestick, and boxing might constitute a supplemental in-door contest, the winners in which might make a show on the Festival day, short and interesting, and not weary spectators and give the judges bronchitis or the vapours as at present. The racing and real natural manly feats would of themselves fill up an afternoon's pleasurable, if not exciting, sport, and would be attended by the athletic public; of course, ladies could come if they insisted on it, but to judge by certain significant presences last Saturday, they would be better away.

The Festival was this year held at Longsight, outside of Belle Vue. The weather had threatened to be wet, and was really cold, and the public was shy of attending. Duckworth, with 27 points, won the Pedestrian Gold Medal and Challenge Cup—the latter for the second time, and therefore it is his own property. Clegg, who had four first prizes and a second, was next, with 24. Lowe, of the Athenæum Club, who had not a single first prize, won the gymnastic champion's gold medal, and holds the accompanying challenge cup for a year. Crowley, of the same and several other clubs, had won the fencing, singlestick, and sabre-bayonet contests, Lowe being second in each. But as there were two competitors for the dumb-bells, and Lowe was second of the two, he thereby managed to gain a point, and make it very hard lines for Crowley. Woolley won the heavy-weight boxing. His style is neat, his position, balance, and recovery good, his hitting and defence quick and effective; and all that he wants to be a model boxer is countering: but that is half boxing. Parkinson was the least bad of the light-weights, barely defeating Lieutenant Fox, who stands well, but is very slow, and seems as if he had learned his ignorance from some prize-fighter. Lee and Wohrlidge, as light-weight gymnasts, and Cooper for Indian clubs, won golden opinions from all adepts, and occasional looks of dreary wonder from the public. Cooper worked two heavy clubs for 17 minutes without repeating any one "motion"—an undreamed of time. The heavy gymnastics were quite amusing.

The boys' races were the best of the day. Large fields, dead heats, and excitement enlivened the dreariness. One quite little boy from the Hightown gymnasium went through a clever and graceful series of dumb-

bell exercises in a style that won the admiration of the judges ; but it is cruel to encourage too much of this heavy exertion in boys. The committee ought only to permit the lightest exercises with the lightest implements.

Since the Festival a shower of letters has drenched the newspapers and the Festival committee on the subject of the Festival, and on its management, arrangements, and choice of ground. Except in the segregation of the general mass of the public—who are, after all, the paying classes, and ought to be studied—they this year merited a very good word ; but it seems to us that the Manchester athletic sports, as at present conducted, will always be botchy and open to severe criticism.

HOW TO GET ON.

AS AN ATTORNEY.

ON adopting the profession of an attorney you will gather much encouragement by observing how small is the number of persons who, in that walk of life, fail to earn at least a modest competence. Moreover, you will find among those whose success is above the average not a few in whose character, intellect, and cultivation you can find nothing to account for that result. There is a visible effect without any adequate cause. These are the instances you ought to scrutinise and weigh. Brain-power, of course, will command success, but brain-power cannot be acquired to any appreciable extent, and any high degree of resolution and industry is incompatible with a character of ordinary mould. Still you have before you these cheering specimens of disproportionate luck or too carefully-concealed merit. How do they get on? What charm draws clients in crowds to their doors, whom personal refinement or profound legal knowledge fails to attract? That is the problem for you to solve.

One part of the answer lies plainly to be seen in the nature of the profession. The examinations which candidates have now to pass, though far more real and satisfactory tests of knowledge than any which were applied to the last generation, are, after all, rather a trial of memory and an encouragement to cram than an instrument to measure or a stimulus to incite really sound and thoughtful study. However, one thing is certain, that you or any other blockhead of your acquaintance can, under a proper process of cram, shave through, and the ignorance which the examiners have not fathomed will not even be suspected by the ruck of the public. The principles of law, even when sound in themselves, are so mystified by technical terminology, and in some branches the law itself as well as the rules of construction and method of procedure are so remote from the region of mere common sense and general knowledge, that in all cases, except those which fall within his own personal experience, your typical man of business or your average educated gentleman is hopelessly at sea. It is the easiest thing in the world to veil any opinion you may at first express in strictly professional language, and so gain time to consult your books, or take the opinion of some learned council. Above all things avoid giving any definitive advice upon any matter of which you feel the slightest doubt, and if you feel no doubt whatever, you will be safest in reserving your opinion all the same. A reputation for caution is the very best an attorney can gain.

"It is a law of nature that creatures which cannot live by strength must live by cunning," and this is the surest method by which you may put yourself on an equality with your abler rivals. You are, all of you, priests of the goddess Themis, and you ought in true devotion and loyalty to veil the mysteries from the gaze of the "profanum vulgus." You thereby ensure the respect which attends the possession of an oracle, and at the same time escape giving the information which might make your clients independent of you in a future difficulty.

There is no profession in which the opinion of your brethren can so much help or hinder you. Every attorney tells his client in the strictest confidence what he thinks of the learned gentleman on the other side, and that opinion is, of course, retailed *ab libitum*. As a general rule, it is wisest to extol the abilities of your opponent, for by so doing you maximise your triumph and minimise your defeat. As we learned in our early Latin Exercise book, "*Caius Bulbum laudat ut ipse a Bulbo laudetur*:" Caius was wise in his generation. A judicious investment of butter is seldom unremunerative.

There is one magnificent assumption, to which the credulity of public ignorance has given general currency, that an attorney is a person who undergoes much and more skilled and more severe intellectual labour than commercial men. And no doubt it is true of the mass of underlings by whom the detail business of a cotton mill or a Manchester warehouse is carried on. It is a pretension which you should always be prompt to maintain. Never mind the faculty for organisation, without which no large concern can be profitably conducted ; the wide knowledge and varied considerations by which alone more speculative enterprises can be brought to a favourable issue. Trade must be to you mere plodding and luck, or else an organised scheme of fraud, often rather clumsily carried out. You belong to the professional classes, and your social position as an attorney is not so secure but that you can dispense with self-assertion in the field of social as well of intellectual activity.

It will also be advisable for you to get a religion, and attend regularly some place of worship. In making a selection you will have to survey carefully the ground which you intend to occupy. Any large and wealthy sect which is not adequately provided with lawyers of orthodox views will serve your turn. But if there is no vacancy of the kind the Church will be safest for you. By regularity of attendance at the various services, and a readiness to give advice gratis to the parson, you may easily elbow yourself into the churchwarden's seat, and so pick up a certain number of clients out of the flock.

In doing your clients' business don't make the mistake of crediting them with too great scrupulosity. Many men will allow another to do for them that which they would long hesitate to do for themselves; and most will gladly condone a piece of sharp practice, of which they will gain the advantage.

In the construction of bills of costs much art is habitually shown by the greater number of your brethren. If their own client has to pay, and is likely to be worth business to them hereafter, he stands a chance of getting off very easily. When you mean to live in clover choose an enemy's country. Then frame your bill with entire indifference to anything except the idiosyncracies of those nondescript officials who play clerk to the judge's parson. They are sure to take off something, so you add it on beforehand. Generally speaking, the bill undergoes no really searching analysis, and everything is allowed which looks "usual." Perhaps an item here and there is knocked off, almost at hazard, and it is not bad policy to put in a few obviously objectionable charges to divert attention from the disproportionate sums set down for more "usual" services.

Full many a *clientèle* has been gathered and kept to their allegiance by the gentle bond of hospitality. Dine, and dine with, your clients upon every possible occasion. Give them the run of your house ; and if you have daughters, insist upon their wearing their most smiling looks to greet a coarse country spinner or moneyed lout. If you have any clients of considerable position, invite to meet them such other persons of position as may be more to your following. In short, hit always upon the principle that your best friends are the people who find you in bread and cheese ; and distrust every profession of good-will, every show of kindness, that is not accompanied by the presence or prospect of legal business.

Your profession is one which has no prizes to offer except hard cash, and to obtain that prize you must cheerfully sacrifice the figment called self-respect, domestic comfort, personal refinement, and indeed every pleasure except those which money can give. It must be some consolation to you to know that they are numerous.

THE PEEL PARK ART GALLERY.

In reply to our remarks on Mr. Plant's letter in the last number of the *Sphinx*, we have received from that gentleman a categorical denial of the statement that an official description of the Peel Park picture gallery was furnished to certain Manchester and Salford newspapers, whose opinions on a work by Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., we quoted a month ago. We willingly give publicity to his disclaimer, and are bound, of course, to withdraw the implied accusation that the opportunity was used by the officials of the Peel Park Gallery to manipulate art-criticism in the columns of the local journals.

SANCHO'S WALLET.

By Edwin Waugh.

A DROP TOO MUCH.

(*Countryman, in Liverpool for the first time, is astonished at the sight of the ships.*

Countryman.—(*To his Liverpool friend.*)—I say, couldn't a body get to see one o' these ships o' yo'rs!

Friend.—Certainly. Come along; we'll go on board the Canova.

Countryman.—(*On board.*)—Eh, by th' mon, I never see'd nought like this sin' I're wick! Eh, look what a height that mast is!

(*Stepping backward, to get a complete sight of the mast, he steps into an open hatchway, and falls to the bottom.*)

Countryman.—(*Rubbing his head, and looking up with astonishment.*)—Hallo! *It's hollow!*

STINGING REMARK.

As bees bizz out, wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail the byke.—Burns.

(*Bailiffs in the old gardener's parlour, marking the goods on a warrant of distress.*)

Gardener.—Well, yo'll not be long, I guess?

Bailiffs.—No; we shan't be long.

Gardener (*aside*).—I don't think you wi'n.

(*Exit the gardener, locking the door quietly behind him. He goes round to the front, and, pushing up the window, looks in.*)

Gardener.—Well, lads, how are yo gettin' on?

Bailiffs.—We shan't be above ten minutes, now.

Gardener (*aside*).—I don't think yo wi'n.—(*Tumbles in two hives of bees through the window.*)—Well, see yo; *mark thoose* while yo're agâte! (*Exit bailiffs by the window.*)

TWO TO ONE.

(*Notable Livery Stable-keeper has gathered a large midden from his stables. Farmers come to look at it on the market-day.*)

First Farmer.—(*To Stable-keeper*).—What's th' price o' this midden o' thine?

S. K.—Five pounds.

F. F.—Ay; an' less.

S. K.—I'll bate nought at it.

F. F.—Well, come; I'll gi' tho five pound. (*Pays him.*)—Th' carts 'll come for't in a day or two.

S. K.—O' reet?

(*Exit the first farmer. Enter the second farmer.*)

Second Farmer.—(*To Stable-keeper.*)—How mich dost ax for this bit o' a pile, here?

S. K.—I think five pound would'nt be out o' th' gate, would it?

S. F.—Five pound! Thou talks too loud, owd lad! Four's moor liker.

S. K.—I lippen o' gettin' five.

S. F.—Say four pound ten,—an' ha' done wi't!

S. K.—I've taen a fancy to five.

S. F.—Well, come; I'll bother noan. Here's thi brass, sitho! I'll send th' carts o' Thursday.

S. K.—(*Pockets the money.*)—*Sowd again; an' th' money drawn!*

(*Both farmers come with their carts, and men, on the same day. A quarrel arises between the two claimants. They send for the stable-keeper.*)

First Farmer.—Jem; didn't I pay tho for this midden o' Friday?

S. K.—Thou did, owd lad,—reet enough!

Second Farmer.—Well; an' didn't I buy it on tho', the very same day?

S. K.—Yigh, thou did,—an' paid me for't, too,—like a mon! *An' I'll tak'——good care that nobody but yo two has it!*

BAD NEWS.

(*Country tailor at his work. His wife—a violent shrew—is in bed upstairs, unwell. Enter the doctor.*)

Doctor.—Well, Joseph; how is she to-day?

Tailor.—About th' same, I think; but yo'd better go up an' look at her. Yo'n find her mother wi' her.

(*The doctor visits his patient and comes down again.*)

Tailor.—Well, how is hoo, thinken yo?

Doctor (*solemnly*).—Joseph, you had better prepare for the worst.

Tailor (*dropping his goose*).—By th' mass, doctor; is hoo gettin' better?

DIM RELIGIOUS LIGHT.

(*Weak-sighted old Moorland parson, preaching from a manuscript sermon, on a gloomy day, comes to a passage which he cannot make out.*)

Parson.—(*Preaching.*)—"And the Jewish dispensation was remarkable for the absence of——the absence of——"

(*Leans over, and hands the sermon down to his clerk.*)

Parson.—John, take it to the window, *and see what that word is.*

FIFTH COMMANDMENT REVERSED.

HOMMER *v.* HONOUR.

(*The old man comes home at night drunk and disorderly. His wife finds that she cannot manage him.*)

Wife.—(*Shouts up stairs, to her son, in bed.*)—Bill!

Son.—Well!

Wife.—Come down stairs, an' lick thi feyther; or else he 'll be th' maister o' th' whole house!

FAST AND LOOSE.

(*Intelligent collier lad, returning from church.*)

Father.—Well, Jemmy; what wur th' text?

Jemmy.—"The devil shall be chain't for a thousan' year."

Father.—Well done!

Jemmy.—But, I say, feyther; at after that, th' parson said 'ut the devil wur rovin' o' up an' down, seechin' folk to worry. How con that be, if he's chen't up?

Father.—Oh, the devil's chen is a very long 'un, my lad; it reaches all o'er th' world.

Jemmy.—By th' mon, feyther; *he met* (might) *as weel be loose!*

CHARLES DICKENS AND MANCHESTER.

A CONTROVERSY concerning the late Mr. Dickens and the Brothers Grant has been going on in the correspondence columns of the Manchester newspapers. Since the commencement of the dispute its area has been considerably widened. A writer signing himself "Respect," in a somewhat turgid letter, mentioned that the late Mr. Gilbert Winter had described to him an interview which had occurred between one of the originals of the Cheeryble Brothers, Mr. George Cruikshank and Mr. Dickens, at "the Stocks," Cheetham. The writer suggested that this interview should be commemorated by the erection of a group representing "the Author, the Painter, and the Giver," at the now uninhabited house above-named, formerly the dwelling of Mr. Gilbert Winter, and at one time a Manchester residence of the Earls of Derby. This suggestion does not meet with the approval of another correspondent, J. H. N., who asks "Respect" how he reconciles his account of the interview between Mr. Dickens and Mr. Grant, when the former, in his preface to the latest edition of *Nicholas Nickleby*, referring to the originals of the Cheeryble Brothers, incidentally remarks, "that he never interchanged any communication with these gentlemen in his life." To this "Respect" retaliates under another *alias*, that he did not mention Mr. Grant's name, but that J. H. N. himself, by its introduction, has testified to the truth that that gentleman was one of the Cheerybles. Now, be it remarked, J. H. N. never said that the Grants were not the original Cheeryble Brothers. He merely wished "Respect's" statement about the meeting at Stocks to be reconciled with that of Dickens. Pickwick's associates, Snodgrass and Tracy Tupman, rush to the rescue of "Respect," alias "Remembrance," alias "Fact not Fiction," alias "Faith and Reason," with arguments that William and Daniel Grant were the originals of the Brothers Cheeryble. This was not denied by J. H. N. Our own opinion is, that they were so; that the Cheerybles were portraits taken from life, we have Mr. Dickens's own words to vouch for. In the preface to the original edition of *Nicholas Nickleby*, after referring to the Yorkshire schools, as illustrated by his description of Do-the-Boys-Hall, he says,

"To turn to a more pleasant subject, it may be right to say that there *are* two characters in this book which are drawn from life. It is remarkable that what we call the world, which is so very credulous in what professes to be true, is most incredulous in what professes to be imaginary, and that while in everyday life it will allow in one man so many blemishes, and in another no virtues, it will seldom admit a very strongly marked character, either good or bad, in fictitious narrative to be within the limits of probability. *But those who take an interest in this tale will be glad to learn that the Brothers Cheeryble live*, that their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence are no creations of the author's brain, but are prompting every day (and oftenest by stealth) some munificent and generous deed in that town of which they are the pride and honour."

In his preface to the last edition of *Nicholas Nickleby*, the author alludes to the above as "this unlucky paragraph," which brought down upon him thousands of letters with applications to the Cheeryble Brothers, No wonder, then, that Dickens did not wish to acknowledge publicly who were the originals. The Cheerybles had many characteristics in common with William and Daniel Grant, but they were not exact photographs of those benevolent gentlemen. Authors, as a rule, do not care to acknowledge who are the originals of their fictitious characters, and our readers will remember that when Dickens was accused of having given a highly coloured portrait of Leigh Hunt, in the character of Harold Skimpole, in *Bleak House*, he repudiated the allegation with considerable warmth.

That Dickens conceived his idea of the Cheerybles from the Grants we have little doubt. At the time *Nickleby* was being written, and previously, he had paid more than one short visit to Manchester, where he had a sister and other relatives residing. At that time the Messrs. Grant were in the habit of exercising overflowing hospitality at their town house, at the corner of Mosley Street and Marble Street. Dickens may have met them either there or elsewhere, and yet be justified in saying that he had never interchanged communications with them. The Manchester public at once identified the Cheerybles with the Grants, and we think correctly; but as a proof that these surmises can never be accepted as certainties, we may mention that, at the same time, two well known fast young men about town were designated Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Verisopht, and we happen to know that the author of *Nickleby* never, to his knowledge, saw either of these individuals in his life.

At the time of which we write (1839) Dickens was known by sight to only a very few Manchester people. His great genius had a strong fantastic element about it which broke out in whimsical externals, in his dress, his rapid walk, and even such trifles as his signature with the interminable flourish underneath, and the bunch of charms and jewels which he wore about his person. After the publication of *Pickwick* he visited Edinburgh, and had a great reception from the literary magnates of the Scottish capital. A cartoon was published which gave an amusing representation of *Boz*, as a Cockney exquisite of the first water, in the act of being introduced to the late Professor Wilson. Old Christopher was represented, as he used to describe himself in the Noctes Ambrosianæ, as an infirm old giant of shaggy aspect, leaning upon a crutch, while beside him stood the Edinburgh wit, Patrick Robinson, dressed as a page, in the garb of the immortal Fat Boy. In 1845, at one of the Athenæum Soirées, in Manchester, presided over by Serjeant Talfourd, Mr. Dickens was expected to be present, along with Jerrold, Mr. John Forster, John Leech, Frank Stone, and others, but he was prevented from coming at the last moment, owing to the birth of a child; and Jerrold made a joke, as usual, by saying that he had been summoned to Babicombe. After this he became well known by sight to Manchester folks by his appearance as Bobadil in *Every Man in His Humour*, as Justice Shallow, and in principal characters in *The Frozen Deep*, *Not So Bad As We Seem*, *Two in the Morning*, *Turning the Tables*, and *Used Up*. Of late years his presence became familiar to us as a public reader of his own works, and by the numerous photographs of him which appeared latterly, all of which had more or less of the fantastic characteristics which we have already mentioned. No doubt thousands of Manchester travellers will visit the grave of Dickens in Poet's Corner; but it is with the pages of *Pickwick*, of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and above all of *David Copperfield*, that the most pleasant and tender recollections of Charles Dickens will be associated.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS.

ANOTHER STRETFORD ROAD ODE—to a vulgar tune.

WHO e'er in Manchester has been
Is blest, if he by chance has seen
A preter-excellent machine;
More blest if he but once on
Its top hath sat. And this and thus
It is—no more, nor less, nor "wus,"
The *propria quæ (carry)-bus*
Of Mister William Johnson.

This 'bus heaves seldom into view;
I could not safely swear its hue
Was Calimanco, red, or blue,
But plainly for the nonce on
Its lumbering sides you may behold
This startling legend, brief yet bold,
In flaming capitals of gold—
Johnson!—simply Johnson.

Johnson the man, his 'bus the thing,
Before your notice I would bring;
Omnibus virumque I sing;
These ring my rhyming vaunts on;
And ye who upon 'busses ride,
Or timorously go inside,
Make haste—if yet you haven't tried—
And take a ride with Johnson.

The busses of the Carriage Co.,
Of Standring,—certain both, but slow,—
And others whom I may not know,
Your limbs you can esconce on;
But would you really enjoy,
A 'bus ride tinged with no alloy,
Unesitatingly, the boy
To patronize is Johnson.

A suffering public may complain,
Against slow coaches all in rain,
Obtuse proprietors' refrain
Complaints to make response on.
Insensible to open blame,
That which alone can urge a claim
To notice, is the little game
Of strategetic Johnson.

Stern as grim death, swift as the wind,
He bolts before or drags behind,
Or just as he may feel inclined,
Most unconcern'dly flaunts on.
As to the front he quickly steals,
Or lumbers at his rivals' heels,
A Flying Dutchman upon wheels
They deem the 'bus of Johnson.

A buccaneering sort of craft,
He boldly rakes them fore and aft,
And—oh! that drivers should be chaffed—
Their passengers heap taunts on
Their eyes and limbs. And plain I ween
The motive, when ahead is seen
This pirate—corsair—horse marine—
This "Vanderdecken" Johnson.

Let Carriage Co.'s pervade the land,
Let Standring's patrons by him stand,
The 'bus I'll lend a friendly hand,
And take my daily jaunts on,
Shall be the one which, right or wrong,
Most speedily doth bowl along,
That of the hero of my song—
Videlicit, Mister Johnson!

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE MANCHESTER VOLUNTEERS.

THE very high praise which the First Manchester Rifle Volunteers received from Colonel Maydwell last Saturday, on the occasion of the annual inspection, appears to have been no more than that excellent regiment deserved. The Third Manchester regiment is to pass through the ordeal of official criticism on this present Saturday; and there are good reasons, we believe, why its best friends should feel some concern for the reputation of a corps which was once undoubtedly the finest in the city, and stood first, too, on the list for efficiency throughout the United Kingdom. The "Third," we are informed, is dwindling away, simply through the example of inefficiency or indifference set before the rank and file by some of the officers. It is stated, for instance, that more than one, two, or three of these gentlemen have not attended a single company drill for the past twelve months, and are seldom — very seldom—seen on parade. How these officers qualify themselves for command is a mystery; but it is certain that one-half the time devoted to each battalion drill is wasted in correcting the mistakes of ignorant and incapable commanders, to the disgust of the rank and file, who are disheartened and harassed with unnecessary repetitions of simple manœuvres. What with absentee colonels, missing majors, and chimerical captains, the men are losing spirit; resignations are becoming numerous, and non-commissioned officers of eight or ten years' service are joining other corps as privates. The Second Manchester is working up for its inspection earnestly, and the zeal of the officers and men is to be commended.

THE NEW DRAMATIC PLANET.

Our old contention that there is plenty of dramatic talent to be got, if managers would only get it, has recently been verified so far as it has been allowed to be. One or two additions have been made to the list of authors, all with more or less success; until at last the Vaudeville Theatre has brought out a Mr. Albery, who is greeted by the London press with universal acclamation. It is difficult to know how far to trust authorities who are so constantly betraying us, but when we take into consideration the enthusiastic unanimity of the most opposite newspaper tastes upon the subject of the new comer's ability, it is perhaps safe to assume that a real dramatic genius has been found. The descriptions given of the new piece, *The Two Roses*, do not quite inspire one with its critics' zeal. Indeed, it seems to be of Robertsonian flimsiness. But never mind. It is a first work; and it will be some time before the weakness brought into dramatic art by Mr. Robertson will leave the tenderness and delicacy introduced by him unspoilt. If Mr. Albery only equals Mr. Robertson, two such writers will redeem contemporary dramatic literature from disgrace.

"THE ATHLETIC MANIA."

In answer to numerous inquiries, made by stout-built muscular young persons, mostly with discoloured eyes, accompanied by formidable-looking sticks, we beg to state that the writer of the paragraph under this heading in last week's *Sphinx*, is away from home, and does not contemplate returning for some years.

A WEDDING AT ST. MARY'S, HULME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—I wonder whether St. Mary's Church, Hulme, belongs to the parsons or the people. It was my misfortune to be present at a wedding which took place there on the 9th instant. It would appear that the clergyman in command on that occasion, in going through the service, knowing that there were a certain number of words to be read, read them as rapidly as possible, without any regard to punctuation or sense. All this was bad enough, coming, as I suppose it did, from one who had received the benefits of a college education, but I should have allowed that to pass, as I have nothing to do with the use made of scholastic acquirements. When, however, the ceremony was ended, and the wedding party followed the officiator into the vestry, he became inquisitive and insulting. He wanted to know whether they belonged to *his* church or not, and upon the party saying they were Dissenters, he inferentially said that they ought to have gone to the Dissenters to be married, and left the place, after carrying on a business conversation with the clerk as though no one was present but they two, simply giving the bride a patronizing shake of the hand, to save appearances, I suppose, and to the rest a half pitying supercilious glance. Is this the way to make the so-called National Church the church of the people? Yours truly, B.

Chester, June 15, 1870.

IN SEARCH OF A CREED.
3.—KESHUR CHUNDER SEN.

DEAR SPHINX,—When I set out upon this errand, I never intended to confine myself to accredited places of worship. In spite of the quietude of the chapels and the complacency of the churches, there is in the air of these establishments the constant and conflicting buzz of their little differences of opinion, their little quarrels, and their little victories. I hear of so many One True Gods in these places, that if I believed all I hear I should already be a pagan of the first water. But I suppose very few people believe all they hear, and to be born stone-deaf is, perhaps, not such an advantage as, at first sight, it appears. But, after a severe course of church and chapel, it is pleasant to attend a religious service away from the conventionalities of prosperous creeds; away from the spruce bonnets and the smug faces of the devouter sex; away from the spectacle of consecrated tradesmen and ordained priests. The silence and the decorum which I have to observe on entering a chapel seem to change me from myself into one of the congregation. The various semblances of worship which are expected from me are difficult to assume, because they are so easy to resist. In this atmosphere of self-repression I lose my own individuality without becoming another being. Services which are intended to teach me enthusiasm only teach me good behaviour; sermons which are intended to persuade me to charity only persuade me to alms-giving. But there are religious services other than those held in churches. In every newspaper you will find public meetings advertised for religious objects. These meetings are to me religious services as respectable as any. After the hush and the etiquette of a fashionable congregation, to share the quick and generous sympathies of a great public meeting is like going into the fresh air from the perfumed drawing room. With a considerable degree of curiosity I went to the Free Trade Hall last Friday evening, to hear the Hindoo Reformer, Keshub Chunder Sen.

I have noticed that English Dissenters have an intense passion for waiting outside doors. I believe that if an open-air meeting were to be called they would get there too soon, and manage to wait outside a door. On the Friday evening, a most intelligent looking crowd was assembled outside, and a spruce little money-taker from the rival establishment next door was looking on with stupid wonder. No doubt he was debating the merits of this bright oriental star as a public performer. If St. Paul himself were to travel again, I suppose there are people who could calculate his powers of filling houses to a nicety. I chose a seat in the gallery overlooking the reserve of shilling respectability beneath. Below me was that altar of the public meeting—the platform. Great variety of character appeared to be assembled here. There was the stern and low-browed merchant type; the amiable and irresolute agent type. Here a bland aspect, with beautifully dressed hair, looked like a ladies' barber who had brandished hairbrushes with unusual success. There, a jovial rubicund gentleman looked like the landlord of a country inn. Further on I made up my mind that a gaunt, unhappy looking man was a tailor, because his suit of black was badly made, and his legs intertwined themselves beneath his chair. I whiled away the interval of expectation in thus noting the stolidity and the keenness, the pomp and the honesty in the faces of the gentlemen on the platform; while in the ladies, as they exercised their fans and waved their gold eye-glasses, and arranged their portable foot-stools, and prepared themselves for the luxury of listening, I seemed to recognize the matrons of rich Manchester, the ruling spirits of suburban villas. Next morning I read in the newspapers that the platform was occupied by clergymen of all denominations and their wives.

Of course, the Baboo was received with cheers. But who would not be received with cheers when an audience has been waiting for half an hour? I believe that if the Devil were to hold a public meeting in the

Free Trade Hall, to explain his policy, he would be received with cheers. If he kept the audience waiting for half an hour he would be received with loud cheers. The chairman, Mr. Edward Hardcastle, installed himself in the chair, with the Baboo on his right. The hard British features and the ungraceful British dress contrasted with the supple countenance and the loose and easy costume of the Indian. The Baboo would be a distinguished man in an assembly of distinguished men. His head is not large, but its perfect shape and intellectuality, give an idea of penetration, if not of power. In his bearing there is all the courtliness of high caste. Mr. Hardcastle introduced the Baboo in a speech which lasted three quarters of an hour, and which was successfully reported in Saturday's *Examiner* in half a line. It is the attribute of orators to excite the feelings of their audience, and in this respect Mr. Hardcastle is an orator. I never before heard so much impatience so openly expressed. The. Rev. Mr. Conder next stepped in between the audience and their curiosity.

But at last, owing rather to the impatience of the audience than to the modesty of the gentlemen on the platform, the Baboo was permitted to rise. Slowly, gracefully, with all the melancholy dignity of his Eastern race, he rose and stepped to the edge of the platform. He was received with an enthusiasm which in England is only accorded to religious reformers and peers of the realm. His voice is sweet, monotonous, and clear, and his pronunciation is peculiarly distinct. It must be owned that his oration dealt largely with ambitious but vague generalities. What his creed is, what his work has been, it was impossible to learn in so many words. Exeter Hall, with its magniloquence, and its self-confidence, seems already to have made a pupil of him. But without enquiring how far Christianity may claim a part in the religious movement which is going on in India, I listened with pleasure to the independence with which the Baboo denied to European missions any share in it. He attributed it very emphatically not to any teaching from outside, but to the intuition which is incident to a state of greater intellectual enlightenment. Although the British Government established the schools which developed the native mind, he took a kind of pleasure in saying that, so far as religious teaching is concerned, the native mind is merely confused by the endless varieties of Christianity represented in India. But is not this a piece of pleasant sophistry, and a very fine distinction between the cause and the effect? The stream of Christianity, in its first contact with the grotesque superstitions of India, seems to have had every good effect but that of converting. The few minds thus awakened could hardly be expected to exchange one complex creed for another creed only a little less complex. And so, sweeping out of sight every lesser dogma, whether of Christianity or of Buddhism, they embraced the simplest of all creeds, namely, theism, Well, and what is theism? Probably I shall he told that it is the worship of the ONE TRUE GOD. But was there ever a more perplexing entity than this One True God? But if mere simplicity is to be sought in a creed, then is Keshub's creed to be commended. He rejects alike the Vedas, the Koran, the Talmud, the Bible, and goes back to Reason, to Intuition, to Consciousness, to Nature. He affirms that there is no such thing as revelation in the sense of light flashed upon the mind from without. We gain intelligence of our duty, of morality, of the soul and of God, by intuition and reason. In fact he gives to reason the same office as that assigned by the Quakers to the spirit, and they both agree that there must be an awakening process. But some have a keener and a deeper intuition—the great prophets the keenest and the deepest; while to Jesus Christ is assigned the honour of being the most admirable of men. But is not this creed a little unsatisfactory? I am in search of a creed; and the new Hindoo prophet only turns me in upon myself and bids me supplement the light of nature by the cumulative light of the prophets and the philosophers. He only does earnestly what Voltaire did bitterly. He is only a Unitarian, but a Unitarian who has an enthusiasm and a genius which our Unitarians have not.

But Keshub is more than a preacher, he is a practical social Reformer, and he is animated by an enthusiasm for his idolatrous and unenlightened countrymen. There was a tenderness in his voice when he spoke of his people, and a noble indignation when he appealed against the iniquities of British rule in India. Nor can it be doubted that his indignation is just, and that we are educating India in western vices, while we are giving her examples of western virtue. Everybody must have been struck with the unfailing command of words possessed by Keshub, but it may not have been observed by everybody how exquisite and simple his language is. Speaking English with a mere suspicion of foreign accent, his choice of words, from the literary point of view, is the choice of a true artist. It is the language of a man who has read Addison with delight, and made firm friends of Goldsmith, and Wordsworth, and De Quincy.

On my way home, I am forced to the conclusion that, in regard to the object of my search, I have learnt nothing more than that there is one simple-minded, honest gentleman left in the world, who has faith in human nature, who believes in a One True God, and who persists in contemplating England in the light of a moral nation guided by Christian principles. There is something touching in the presence even of one man, though he be an Hindoo, who believes that an appeal to the better nature, or the professed principles of England, will influence her policy, will induce her to lighten a single tax or to abolish a single source of revenue. There will be something more touching still in the presence of that one man when he returns to his country, and explains to his guileless little church the gigantic hypocrisy of British virtue. I remain, yours truly,

PYRRHO.

"PROGRESS."

A LARGE audience assembled at the Prince's Theatre, on Tuesday night, to witness the first representation in Manchester of the play by Mr. Robertson, called *Progress*, founded on the French piece called the *Fogies*. While we must place it amongst his less successful efforts, we recognise in this piece stronger writing than in any other of his works. There is body in it. And we never felt so much inclined to agree with those of Mr. Robertson's admirers who aver that he will some day write a comedy that shall become a classic, as when we saw this piece. We don't, for our part, think he ever will, but this piece gives more hope of it than any other. Let it be observed, we do not eulogise the play, but some of the writing—in the first act, especially. The play itself is Frenchy—mawkish—morally awry. A consumptive heroine of twenty is loved by an aristocratic cousin of fifty, and loves a civil engineer of five-and-twenty. The civil engineer is turned out of the house. The heroine falls very ill. The doctor, to restore her, tells her that her cousin has recalled him, and consents to their engagement. She recovers. She is undeceived, and she relapses. She becomes so very bad that the aristocratic cousin really does consent. And she recovers once more, gets engaged to the young engineer, and the curtain falls upon the probability of hereditary disease being transmitted to posterity.

We join issue with the spirit of the piece. Consumptive people will get married in real life, but their weakness ought not to be encouraged on the stage. It is not incumbent on a dramatist to moralise at all: it *is* incumbent on him not to moralise wrong. When those we love are dying, and we think a lie wil save them, all of us alike, without a hesitation, fling morality aside and tell it. But the act is perfectly unjustifiable on principle. It has no right to be inculcated on the stage. In this piece it *is* inculcated. It is not merely represented as done, but, upon not doing it ridicule is cast. The sentiment that it is wrong, that by it the eternal majesty of truth is outraged—far away the noblest speech in the play—is actually put into the mouth of a detestable old cat, who undeceives the heroine out of sheer spite. We are not surprised that this should be the lesson of the French play; but we are surprised that it should have been adopted by so pure a moralist as Mr. Robertson.

Mr. Robertson's own portion of the play is unexceptionable, save some drunken horse-play in the last act. He contrasts the present age, as typified by the young engineer, with the "good old times" as represented by the proud aristocrat of fifty, the old doctor—red republican and atheist—and an old sot, who lives with all the other characters in most un-English fashion. The young engineer has come to make surveys, preparatory to running a branch railway clean through the old fogie's property, and building a new station on the site of the old abbey that they live in. His announcement of his plans gives rise to a well-written scene. But we incline to think that the preceding scene, contrasting new and old times, is the best of all the play. "The modern man is an habitual smoker—nasty, dirty, filthy habit!" argues one of the old fogies, while another takes a pinch of snuff. And when the old

sot, in his indignation at the engineer's denunciation of intemperance, rises from his seat, and, hardly able to articulate, roars, "Damme, sir, let me tell you, I got drunk before you were born," the height of comedy is reached.

Miss Foote's playing, as the consumptive heroine, was very good; but we are getting tired of seeing her dying on a sofa in the most becoming of attires. Mr. Clarke is admirable in the small part of the doctor. If he could only conquer that queer mannerism which, while it assists him so in comic speeches, is such a traitor to him in serious ones, he would be a perfect actor. Mr. Edgar had a hard and most unnatural part as the young old man of fifty, whom he didn't succeed in looking, but played carefully and well. As the young engineer, Mr. Slater appeared to greater advantage than he did in *Philomel;* but he must subdue his priggish voice, and swaggering style still more, if he is to be tolerable as a lover. Mr. Parselle is an excellent actor of old men, who is capable of better things than the old toper, well as he portrayed him. Altogether, *Progress* is a play that should be seen; it is well written and well acted. But it failed in London, as does everything at the unfortunate Globe Theatre. Why is it called "brilliantly successful" in the bills?

MANCHESTER MORALS.

MR. KAY, Q.C., is the deputy recorder, and presided at the Court of Record last week. Mr. Kay, Q.C., delivered, on Thursday, a thunderous Philippic against local perjury and Manchester morality in general. On Saturday, he shook the dust of his feet upon us, and retreated to the innocent and guileless London—to the spotless Temple, serpentine in wisdom, dove-like in harmlessness. Mr. Kay is a real gentleman, and we implicity believe in his sincerity when he declared that it was positively painful to him to preside over a court in which every other witness who stepped into the box committed perjury. Day after day, he mourned, he had to take down in his note-book evidence which was cool, calm, and deliberate falsehood. Half the witnesses who came before him were unblushing liars. We applaud his spirit in committing one of these disgraceful persons to be tried at the assizes, and we hail with satisfaction his announcement that in future he shall sit with blank forms of commitment on the desk before him, ready to be filled in with the names of witnesses who should insult the court, and truth, and justice, in the future. But when he adds that, whereas elsewhere men perjure themselves for hundreds of pounds (or for their reputation's sake, *vide* the divorce court, *passim*) in Manchester they do it for "three, four, or five shillings," and that he wonders how business can be carried on in Manchester, and that men will trust men in this town with anything or for anything—we fear he lets a little London pride mislead his judgment. Human nature is human nature all the world over, and it is no better in London than it is here: we are fond of thinking it is rather worse. Every court in the kingdom reeks of perjury. In little courts it is more obvious than in big ones, and the court that Mr. Kay presides in is a little one. The judge's ecstasy of indignation has its root in his own honour and too great belief in other people's. To a man of upright nature, starting from belief in people's principles, the pain and disappointment are grievous by which he arrives at the conclusion at which he must arrive, if he is intelligent and lives long enough, that the average market value of a principle is somewhere about two-pence halfpenny. People have no idea how much more wise it is to start from this belief, or rather non-belief. Then, every instance of fidelity to honesty and duty—and one does occasionally meet with such—comes upon one with the pleasant surprise of a grateful and unexpected discovery. The man who commences life believing in almost nothing may be a wretch, but the man who commences life believing in nearly everything is a dupe. He lives in a fool's paradise, and often hugs his folly. Sometimes he awakens to it. Mr. Kay has partially awakened to the fact that men tell lies—"unblushing, shameless falsehoods." Only partially, however; for he seems to think the habit widespread only here. He is right, but he is only half right. Every other witness in the Salford Hundred Court of Record is a perjurer; but so would every other man be in Manchester, or London, or Land's End, or John o' Groats, if he only had his own particular temptation. Sometimes it has to be great, sometimes it need be but small; the average price is liberally estimated by the learned judge when he assesses it at "three, four, or five shillings." Such is life. And still the world jogs on. And still it will jog on—until it is smashed.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

LOOKING back from this distance of time, we almost wonder that all lovely minds did not gather to the author of the *Saint's Tragedy* after the publication of that remarkable poem. It contained not only poetry of a remarkable order, but its character and its comedy are equally good. Its intent is also as apparent as the daylight. But all minds, one need scarcely remind the reader, unless in gentlest satire, are by no means lovely. The majority, perhaps, are unlovely and unloveable. A storm of blame, mingled with faint praise, chiefly given to the weaker parts and laid on where it was not required, followed Kingsley. He little recked it, but seems to have abandoned poetical play writing, leaving that to R. H. Horne, to Richard Bedingfield, John Watkins, Westland Marston, and a host of acted and unacted dramatists. Horne had written about that time his "farthing epic," a magnificent poem, published at the price of one farthing, to show at what price the Philistine Englishmen, in the author's opinion, appraised true poetry. Kingsley therefore left poetry, and took to studying modern matters, chiefly political.

At that time there was working in many ways a remarkable man, Bohemian *pur sang*, a litterateur, a newspaper writer, the originator of *Punch*, a chemist, a discoverer of the way of calcining carbon until it became pure diamond—only without the lustre which gives the diamond value—an inventor even of patent buttons, a dreamer and a reformer, Henry Mayhew. This gentleman had, in the falling days of the *Morning Chronicle*, shed some lustre upon its pages by his articles as its commissioner among the working districts of England. Then followed *London Labour and the London Poor*, a series of papers gathered from workingmen themselves, an undigested heap of curious and frightful matter, showing under what burden the tired out Titan England was staggering along. The subject was one of immense interest, and awakened many. Charles Kingsley, among the rest, looked upon the business of reclaiming those poor. There were those who would work, those who could not work, and those who would not work, and heart and soul Kingsley plunged into *that* matter. He and the Rev. F. D. Maurice preached more than once on the condition of the poor, and held that it was wrong for one class to be doomed to ignorance, want, and misery, while another lived like chartered libertines in luxury, ease, and too often in vice. Kingsley had mixed much with the workers, and the result was one of the most powerful novels ever written, *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet*. It is full of character, full of Christian sympathy with, and love for, the strugglers and toilers. Of course they who could only see one side of the matter at once branded the author as a Chartist Parson. The character of Alton Locke seems to have been based upon that of Thomas Cooper, the author of the *Purgatory of Suicides*, a most remarkable poem, the product of two years of imprisonment for defending the rights of the poor, and for being the mouthpiece of much of the want and discontent of the workers of the north. Branded as a Chartist, and as an atheist, he was one but not the other. Thomas Cooper, like a great hearted man that he was, fought nobly with his political doubts and troubles, and has been for some years landed in the safe keeping of Christianity. With the same honest love for his brethren that he always had, this Christian lecturer has atoned for past errors of faith by continually lecturing and preaching in aid of truth in the very hall in the City Road where he once taught infidelity.

By the side of Alton Locke, tailor and poet, there move in the novel various life-like characters, one of the best of which is Sandy Mackaye, newspaper editor, lecturer, Chartist spouter, and general exciter, but of a noble nature, and one who wishes well to his fellows. Strong in his conviction, Sandie—who in our opinion has a great touch of Carlyle in him, to whom, indeed, we fancy Kingsley was somewhat indebted, as far as a painter is indebted to a lay-figure—bursts out and tells Alton Locke to "Sing awa'; get yoursel' in child wi' pretty fancies and

gran' words, like the rest o' the poets, and gang to hell for it." "Why?" asks Alton Locke. The old editor lifts up his fine head, and, pointing to a miserable court, tells him that a merely pretty poet is but "a flunkey and a humbug, wasting God's gifts and kenning it, for the charms o' vanity o' self-indulgence." Then pointing again to the alley, he cries:—"Look! there's not a soul in that yard but's either beggar, drunkard, thief, or worse. Write aboot that! Say how ye saw the mooth o' hell, and twa pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's-shop o' one side and the gin palace at the other—twa monstrous devils, eating up men and women and bairns, body an' soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters."—"What jaws, Mr. Mackaye?"—"The faulding doors o' the gin-shop, goose. Are na they a mair damnable man-devouring idol than any red-hot statue o' Moloch, or wicked Gog-Magog, wherein they auld Britons burnt their prisoners. Look at thae bare-footed, bare-backed hizzies, with their arms roun' the men's necks, and their mouths full o' vitriol and beastly words! Look at that Irish woman pourin' gin down the babbie's throat! Look at that raff o' a boy gaun out o' the pawnshop, where he's been pledging the handkerchief he stole in the morning, into the gin-shop to buy beer poisoned wi' grains o' paradise, coculus indicus, and saut, and a' damnable, maddening, thirst-breeding, lust-breeding drugs! Look at that girl that went in wi' a shawl on her back and cam' out wi'out ane! Drunkards frae the breast!—harlots frae the cradle!—damned before they are born! John Calvin had an inkling o' the truth there, I'm a'most driven to think, wi' his reprobation deevil's doctrines."—"Well—but—Mr. Mackaye, I know nothing about these poor creatures."—"Then ye ought. What do ye ken about the Pacific? Which is maist your business? You a poet!"

This, the reader will think is strong language, but it is not a whit too strong. It awakened many a large hearted man, and the world is the better for its having been written. It is not dead yet. The *Quarterly Review* had, of course, an immense deal to find fault with in this Chartist Socialist. His temper, it said, was almost ludicrous, as if anyone could write in a fine sweet temper, with such want, misery, and wretchedness about him. "Whatsoever of real honesty, charity, good sense, and good feeling the story evolves, is (with almost, if not quite, a single exception) among the Rich,—all the contrary qualities are among the Poor; and every page is full of the merits of the poor, and the follies and crimes of the rich," Q. R., vol. 89. Exactly so, Mr. Reviewer, because Kingsley had a purpose to serve, and because, as Sandy Mackaye says, the circumstances of many of the poor made them "damned before they were born." It is precisely against *that* system that Kingsley wrote.

It was not alone with writing that he was contented. He established with the aid of others, a Tailors' Labour Agency or Working Tailors' Association, and other associations in other trades followed, all we believe with some measure of success. Next came *Yeast*, a novel in three volumes, full of the wrongs of the agricultural poor, and containing—for Charles Kingsley is a lyrist of no mean order, and when the fit is on him writes songs that live—a fine wild lyric which set the blood in the veins of the Tories and especially the Editor of the *Quarterly* in a ferment. But why bark and shut up the teeth. Such a song Kingsley had heard no doubt, but he put order and fire into it. The song is sung by a gipsy boy "at a revel of discontented labourers."

I seed a vire o' Monday night—
A vire both great and high;
But I wool not tell you where, my boys,
Nor I wool not tell you why.
The varmer he came screeching out,
To save un's new brood mare;
Says I, you and your stock may roast,
For aught us poor chaps care.

Chorus—Here's a curse on varmer's all
That toll and grind ye poor,
To reap the fruit of all their work,
In —— for evermore—r—r!

This is "direct and offensive," said the reviewers; but we have a more recent, more direct, and more offensive adoption and exposition of these "detestable doctrinations." Mr. Drew, minister of St. John's, Fitzroy Square, London, invited Kingsley to take part in some evening lectures in June and July, 1851. On the 22nd of June Kingsley preached the sermon, and after it was over Mr. Drew stood up in his reading desk and said to his congregation that he "believed the doctrine of a great part of the discourse was untrue." Mr. Drew was perhaps right in freeing his soul from what he thought was error; but Professor Maurice, through whose intervention Kingsley had preached, states that Mr. Drew especially invited Mr. Kingsley because he had read and admired his works. And what was it that was so offensive in the sermon? One sentence, full of "subversive doctrine," the censor of Kingsley's ethics gives us. Prepare yourselves for a dreadful outburst! "I assert that the business for which God sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation is to *preach and practice* liberty, equality, and brotherhood, in the fullest, deepest, widest, simplest meaning of those three great words." There was much more to the same effect. Kingsley had dared to say that the accumulation of capital out of the needs of the poor was contrary to God's wish; that he would cry out "Woe unto you who to make *few* rich make *many* poor. Woe unto you that oust the masses from the soil their fathers possessed of old;" and he had even said that "the history of the church in every age is full of the sins of the clergy against the people." All this is fearfully subversive, but nineteen years have not gone by since, and Montalembert—staunch son of the Church though he was—has borne his dying testimony about *one*; and the parliament of England has given to the Irish masses an inalienable right to the soil whereon they live, if only they pay that which God, Nature, and man alike demand—the rent of labour.

Since that time Kingsley's fortune has always marched onwards, if but slowly. He has never been a rich man, but always one held in honour. He has been made a chaplain to the Queen, a tutor to the Prince of Wales, a canon of Chester. In 1859 he was appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. He wrote other works: *Phæton, or Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers; Alexandria and her Schools; Glaucus, or, the Wonders of the Shore; Hypatia, or, New Foes with an Old Face;* a very noble novel, *Westward Ho*, treating of the worthies of Devonshire and the noble race of seamen of Elizabeth's times. A finer, better story for boys does not exist; admirable in its fervour, its depth, its truth, it will not only touch but elevate the heart of the boy who reads it. It has been rewarded by much popularity, and by a speculative builder, who has founded a pretty watering place in Devonshire, not far from Bideford Bay, which he has called Westward Ho! and the chief crescent of which is Kingsley Crescent. May the jolly builder live and prosper; if he has as good a taste in bricks and mortar, sites and situations, as he has in novels, he will prosper.

After this came *Miscellanies*, which are capital studies and review articles chiefly; a fairy story, *The Water Babies*, which is praised as a poetic *chef d'œuvre; The Celt, the Roman, the Dane*, lectures on history which were most ill-naturedly assailed in the *Saturday; The Hermits*, and one or two articles in *Good Words* and *Macmillan*. But our space has run out. We have not even room to sum up the character of this most excellent writer, who has done so much good in presenting manly and true thoughts which, although they may seem now latent enough in the hearts of the young, will, we know most assuredly, spring up and bear fruit a hundredfold, when we, and he, all his sons, and sons' sons, are resting and awaiting the Judgment Day.

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NEW LITHOGRAPHIC WRITING INK,

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THIS Ink is introduced to Merchants, Solicitors, Stock Brokers, Architects, and all who require **Circulars, Prices Current, Market Reports, Bills of Quantities,** or any kind of Notice expeditiously printed. Hitherto Lithographic Writing has required prepared Paper and Ink, which is difficult to manipulate, except by the experienced Lithographic Draughtsman; now, however, **the re-writing is entirely dispensed with,** for the copy written with this Ink, **on ordinary Writing Paper, in your own Office,** being sent to us, can be forthwith transferred to the Stone, and the required copies supplied as quickly as they can be printed.

It must be manifest that the use of this Ink removes considerable impediments to the quickly getting out of Prices Current, &c., as **no time is lost,** as heretofore, in writing on the prepared paper before printing.

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Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers.

I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th December, 1869.

Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in testifying to the usefulness of your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink, which we have found to answer its purpose very well, and which we shall use, preferable to other similar compounds, as often as we have an opportunity.—Yours truly,

DROEGE & CO.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Aytoun Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your enquiry, we consider your New Lithographic Ink to be quite equal to what you represent it to be and we prefer it specially, as being being more expeditiously handled, and clearer in the impression, than that in use with the transfer paper.—Yours faithfully,

ALEX. COLLIE & CO.

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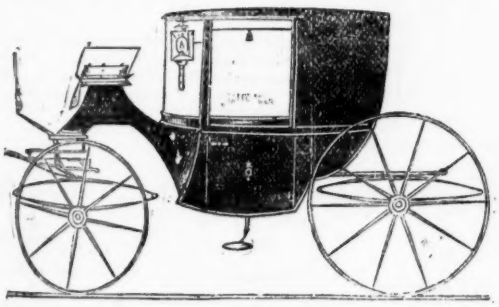
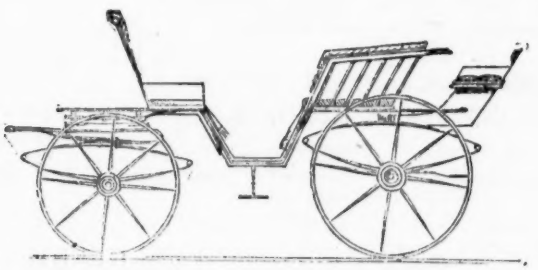
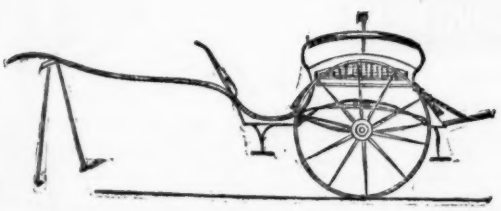
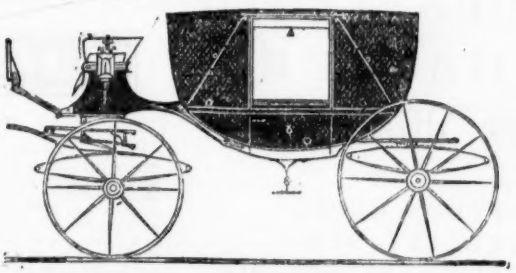
STRETFORD ROAD CARRIAGE WORKS.





J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his NEW RACKET CART or DRAG, the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only 3¼ cwt.





All Carriages are constructed of best seasoned Materials, and skilled Workmanship.

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J. R. received the special commendation of the Judges at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting held in Manchester.

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Of upwards of
6,000 STRAW HATS, Ladies' and Children's,
NOW SELLING, at
JAMES LOWE'S,
15, 17, 19, OLDHAM-STREET, near PICCADILLY.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have recently effected the purchase of an eminent London Manufacturer's Entire Summer Stock of Ladies' and Children's Straw Hats, including every variety, at almost incredible prices.

These Goods, comprising SHAPES and COLOURS ENTIRELY NEW, were all manufactured for the present season and are in strict accordance with the present taste and fashion. They are of the best possible quality; and, although their ordinary value ranges from 5s. to 8s. 6d. each, they are, nevertheless, offered in THREE LOTS, as follows:—

Lot 1..... 1s. 0d. each.
Lot 2..... 1s. 6d. each.
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To prevent disappointment, we may mention that the sale of the above goods is progressing rapidly, and that we anticipate a speedy clearance.

JAMES LOWE,
15, 17, 19, OLDHAM-STREET,
Near Piccadilly.

THE PUBLIC
MAY ALWAYS DEPEND ON GETTING
GOOD TEA at MODERATE PRICES,
AT OUR TEA ESTABLISHMENTS
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Our Tea at 2s. per lb. is giving great satisfaction.
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CHEAP GREYS, WHITES, STUFFS, FLANNEL BLANKETS, FENTS, PATCHWORK, &c.
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SILENT SEWING MACHINES,
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These machines have taken prizes at several Exhibitions, both home and foreign.

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QUALITY BEST.
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TO LADIES.
ALL COLOURS MADE FAST
In Print, Muslin, Silk, or Satin Dresses,
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LADIES
May SAVE ONE-HALF their WARDROBE
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TRY IT! TRY IT!! TRY IT
"SQUEEZE MY HAND,"
THE NEW MANCHESTER PERFUME.
THE BEST HANDKERCHIEF SCENT KNOWN,
Refreshing, Agreeable, and Attractive.
Upon each bottle will be found a tale, explaining the origin of the title of the Perfume.
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T. SKINNER, Opposite Queen's Hotel, Piccadilly. } PERAMBULATORS The best constructed, most durable, and cheapest in the city.

T. SKINNER, Opposite Queen's Hotel, Piccadilly. } BATH CHAIRS for SALE or HIRE. The Trade Supplied.

GLENFIELD STARCH.
EXCLUSIVELY USED in the ROYAL LAUNDRY, and HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS says, that it is
THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.
Awarded Prize Medal for its Superiority.
WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH,
See that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted.
WOTHERSPOON & CO., GLASGOW and LONDON.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
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Old Sores, Wounds, and Ulcers.—The readiness with which Holloway's unguent removes all obstructions in the circulation of the vessels and lymphatics, explains their irresistible influence in healing old sores, bad wounds, and indolent ulcers. To insure the desired effect, the skin surrounding the deceased part should be fomented, dried, and immediately well rubbed with the Ointment. This will give purity to the foul blood and strength to the weakened nerves, the only conditions necessary for the cure of all those hideous ulcerations which render life almost intolerable. No sooner is this ointment's protective power exerted than the destructive process ceases and the constructive business begins—new healthy growth appears to fill up the lately painful excavated pit.

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So much admired for their Elegant Shape, Durability, and Great Economy, can now be had at prices 20 per cent lower than any house in the trade.
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Noiseless in Movement. Easy in Management.
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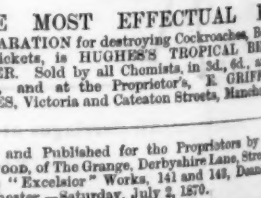

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